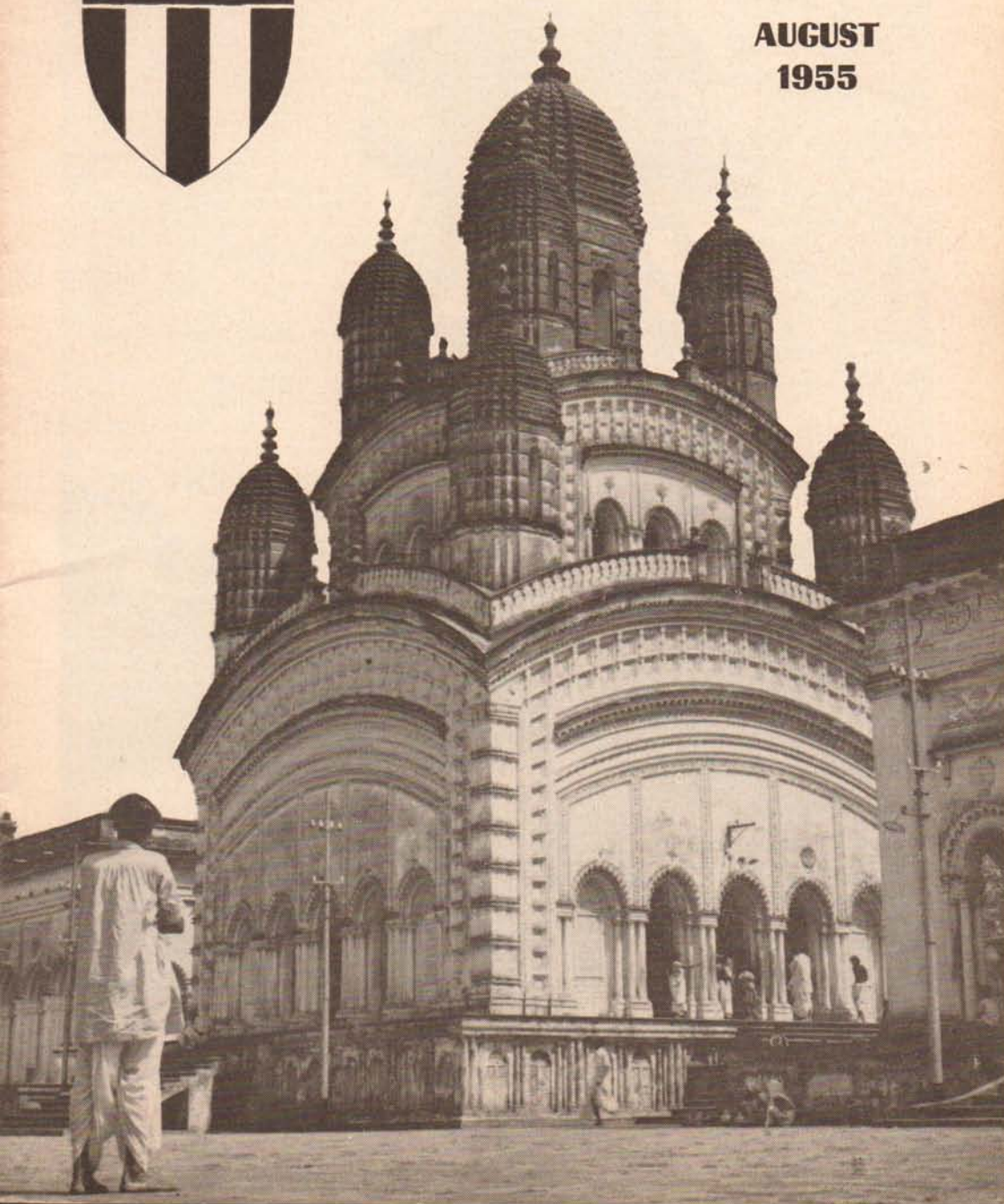


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**AUGUST
1955**





CONTROL TOWER and airstrip at Warazup, Burma. More subscribers than you'd imagine have seen this area. Army Engineers built it, wounded Infantrymen were evacuated from it, Air Corps men flew in supplies for forward areas, and a good many "Hump"-bound planes made emergency landings there. Nothing remains of the temporary tower today, and the jungle has long since moved in over the airstrip. Only the natives who knew it once existed could even find the location today. U.S. Army photo, August 4, 1945.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 9, No. 8

August, 1955

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2808 E. 6th Ave., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon.....Managing Editor

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Boyd Sinclair Book Review Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Last month the famed comedian, Joe E. Brown, spent two weeks in Denver while appearing in the play, "Harvey," a benefit performance for a local women's alcoholic group (they cure 'em, not wine 'em!). We had an opportunity to meet, speak to, and lunch with Joe and came away with the only possible conclusion — a great guy. Joe, you'll recall, was one of the first actors to play the CBI circuit. He covered almost every base in the CBI and he remembers more officers and men than the average 100 men together! Joe is a modest man, requesting that we kindly not publish a lot of wonderful things about him that we would have liked to tell you. During his tour of American bases throughout the world, Joe traveled more than 207,000 air miles. That's a lot of miles, even for a Hump-happy crew. Joe, you'll be glad to know, is still very much interested in the men and women of CBI. He is an honorary member of the CBI Veterans Assn., the Chicago and St. Louis Bashas, and has been a Roundup subscriber for more than five years. Moreover, he has secured dozens of new subscribers for our magazine by passing the word around wherever he happens to meet a CBI wallah. We're proud to list Joe E. Brown as one of us!

● Cover subject is the ancient, famed Kali Temple at Calcutta. Here is where many a GI saw the beheading ceremonies when a goat's head is neatly chopped off with the single stroke of a huge knife. If the beheading is successful in one stroke, the people benefit by a year of good fortune. If unsuccessful — well, better luck next time! Photo by Embassy of India.



Army SNAFU

● The history of the 13th Mountain Medical Bn. (July) brings out the old fact that no one SNAFU's like the Army. Think of the time and money spent to train that outfit as ski troops only to send them to Burma. I suppose they sent those trained as jungle fighters to Alaska!

GEORGE J. CURRAN,
Louisville, Ky.

'Operation Thursday'

● Re "Operation Thursday" (July) it was good to read the British viewpoint on the Burma Campaign. At least they gave due credit to Cochran's 1st Air Commandos who made the assault possible.

JERRY FUITH,
Sioux City, Ia.

Yanks Sadly Missed

● I really got a kick out of the little story about the Delhi tonga wallah who misses the American soldiers. Doesn't all of India? I know from experience that prices rose several hundred percent after the Americans began flowing into India. I was one of the first to arrive at On-dal and when we used to go into the town of Asansol to buy curios, prices were unbelievably low. After a few thousand GI's showed up and began throwing money around, prices skyrocketed. The Indians never had it so good, and the wise ones saved their annas and rupees for the postwar days.

ALBERT SCHAEFER,
Madison, Wis.

'Journey From Burma'

● Would like to see more articles like "Journey From Burma" (May & June). This was excellent!

ROY CHAMBERLAIN,
Cincinnati, Ohio

AUGUST, 1955

Familiar Trader?

● Now, I know you'll think I'm crazy, but I am sure the Tibetan trader on the cover of July issue is one and the same guy who traded me five Tibetan "gems" for my perfectly good wrist watch. Yes, they were no good. Rocks, not glass, though.

HARVEY ANTELLE,
Memphis, Tenn.

See Taj at Sunset

● The Taj Mahal was fascinating by day, by night and by full moon. I had visited it numerous times in 20 months in India when I read a letter to the editor of the Statesman written by a Britisher in military service. He named a half dozen or so of India's greatest sights, including the Taj Mahal **by sunset**. Before my two-year tour was up I went back to see the Taj again, this time at sunset. It was at its best then, the changing pinks and orange shades in the last half hour before sundown gave the iridescent marbles of the Taj a soft glow unequalled even by the light of the full moon. Your tour should include the Taj at sunset, if at all possible.

L. H. RUPPENTHAL,
McPherson, Kans.



THIS C-46 is taking off from Chabua airfield in Assam. Chabua, now deserted, was one of the busiest air bases in India during the war. U.S. Army photo.

First in CBI

● Went to India with a Signal Team (Team H) and were the first American troops to land there. We left the States right after Pearl Harbor, destined for Java, but the Japs beat us to it. We rode the Mariposa to Australia and the Duntroon from Australia to India. We arrived at Karachi March 12, 1942. After spending two weeks in Karachi we went to Delhi where we established the Signals for the 10th Air Force. We lived in the Marina Hotel in Delhi and set up our offices in the British G. H. Q., later moving same to the Imperial Hotel until our own Signal quarters were built.

We knew Claire Chennault when he was still with the "Flying Tigers," and kept our eyes on General Joe Stilwell during his famous walk out of Burma. Later, of course, the CBI Theater headquarters were established in Delhi and our little team of 19 men and one officer grew into quite an organization. I was in India two and one-half years, leaving there under the rotation plan in June, 1944. We left India with the huge American barracks on 43 Queensway, Delhi, and the large "Radio City" of which we Signal men were proud. I was Signal Center Chief at the time.

JOHN E. SEIFERT,
De Witt, Iowa.

Fine Reunion Planned

● Was fortunate enough to attend the CBIVA Executive Board meeting at St. Louis last month and want to say those guys and gals have certainly planned a good time for those who attend the Reunion this coming August. My wife and I will be there.

MANLY SMITH,
Houston, Texas.

Base Section 3

● Was once Engineer Supply Officer, Base Section 3, at Ledo, with depot at Lekhapani. Would like to see anyone passing near Enterprise, Ala.

JAMES A. WALKER,
Enterprise, Ala.



DEDICATION OF the 124th Cavalry Regt. cemetery near Namphakka, Burma, near the 79-mile mark on the Ledo Road. U.S. Army photo.

DEADLINE NEAR FOR WORLD TOUR

IN JUST THREE months — on October 8th—the eyes of the nation will be focused on a group of CBI-ers, wives, family members and friends when they climb aboard the new Pan American World Airways DC-7 Superstratocruiser at New York for the speedy hop across the Atlantic to Paris the first stop on their round-the-world "Pilgrimage to India."

This will be the first time in history that a group of war veterans traveled so far to the site of their war experiences.

Of course, to those of us making the tour it is more than a mere jaunt to India. It is a 45-day adventure to many of the world's most interesting cities and attractions.

We who are planning to take the tour are understandably as excited as small school children on their first picnic, for we well appreciate that this is truly a once-in-a-lifetime vacation, one that we'll treasure in memories for the rest of our lives.

Not only are we being afforded the opportunity to see a good portion of the world at the lowest possible cost, but we are going with a wonderful group of people with whom we share common interests. It is understood that one couple, going it alone, could not possibly have the fun that goes along with sharing your experience with others. It's like taking another couple or two with you to a night club, or having visitors in your own home.



RIVER SCENE in the industrial area of ancient and modern Kobe, Japan.



MAGNIFICENT Lakshmi Narayan Temple at New Delhi, included in the "Pilgrimage" sightseeing.

We've had hundreds of CBI-ers making inquiries about the tour and it is inevitable that we will have many more than 24 registered in the near future.

For those who are "standing on the fence" and do not know if they can afford to make this adventuresome journey with us, we'd like to reiterate that under Pan American's "Pay Later Plan," you may come along on the tour by merely paying only 10% of the total cost before you leave, and the balance in 20 easy monthly installments after you have returned from the tour.

For example, if you reside in New York or Los Angeles the total cost of the tour would be \$2,250.00. Your down payment would be only \$225.00. After you return, you would pay the balance in equal monthly installments of little more than \$100.00 each. It's that simple!

This is not just a vacation. It's an adventure, one that you would normally make but once in a lifetime.

So, don't let a lack of sufficient funds keep you from making this splendid tour with us. It's the chance of a lifetime for the time of your life!

If you'd like to make your reservation or want more information on the tour, please write to our travel agents, Travel Service Bureau, 318 Harvard St., Brookline 46, Mass. Larry Leenhouts, on the executive staff of the travel organization, is a veteran of the CBI as well as a veteran of dozens of tours to various parts of the world. He is personally in charge of arrangements for Roundup's Pilgrimage and has done a remarkable job of planning for us.

Remember, time is getting short for securing passports and visas. If you plan to make the Pilgrimage with us, the deadline for reservations is drawing near. So drop a line to Roundup or Travel Service Bureau and get your names on the registration form before it is too late.

8th Annual CBI Reunion

**Former President Truman
May Speak at St. Louis!**

FINAL PLANS for a superb program at the 8th Annual CBI Reunion at St. Louis have been completed and Roundup is going "out on a limb" to predict that this will be the finest Reunion in eight years.

This is a broad statement, since we've had some wonderful gatherings in the past.

Basis for our prediction is, of course, the splendid program outlined by the Reunion Committee, and having been in touch with the St. Louis Basha this past year we know the group has worked hard to assure delegates of a wonderful, entertaining Reunion.

Former President Harry S. Truman has been asked to be principal speaker at the Reunion and indications are he will accept if possible. Harold Kretchmar, Reunion Chairman, and David Hyatt, Reunion Public Relations Chairman, spoke with Mr. Truman personally at his office in Kansas City last month.

About all we can add to the tentative program published in the July issue, is the fact that we'll have three different orchestras for dancing: On the moonlight excursion aboard the S. S. Admiral on the Mississippi, Russ David's Orchestra on Puja Night, and Bob Annan's Orchestra at the Commander's Banquet.

The Reunion Committee says the Registration fee will be about \$13.50 for adults, \$6.50 for children under 12. This cost, of course, includes everything the Reunion has to offer, which is aplenty!

Since St. Louis is centrally located in the middle west, a good crowd is anticipated. There'll be many new faces among the old standbys who have attended most of the past CBI Reunions.

Several outfits will have miniature reunions of their own, many having already requested room reservations in a "block" at the Headquarters hotel, The Jefferson.

The Reunion Committee has secured 350 rooms at Hotel Jefferson which will be reserved on a first-come, first-served basis. After these are taken delegates will be registered at the DeSoto Hotel nearby. Of course it will be more desirable to have accommodations in the



DAVID HYATT, left, and Harold Kretchmar, right, pose with former President Harry S. Truman at his office in Kansas City. The men, members of the Reunion Committee, motored to Kansas City to personally invite Mr. Truman to speak to CBI-ers at the 8th Annual Reunion.

Headquarters hotel since most of the activities will be centered there.

If you plan to attend—and we hope you will—why not contact former members of your old CBI unit and urge them to meet you in St. Louis? Surely there can be no more satisfying enjoyment than to see once again some of your old buddies and rehash the hot and humid days you spent in China, Burma or India?

This is the last issue of Roundup you'll receive before the Reunion, so remember the dates—August 4, 5, 6 and 7. Be sure to come, and bring along the family. You'll all have a wonderful time. But most important, get those reservations in quickly if you wish to be assured of accommodations in the Headquarters hotel.

Send your reservations to Harold Kretchmar, National Reunion Chairman, P. O. Box 1765, St. Louis 1, Mo. Be sure to state what type of accommodations you wish, number in your party, and approximate time of arrival.

See you in St. Louis!

A MESSAGE FROM THE REUNION COMMITTEE

The final plans on the CBIYA Reunion program have been cemented. We of the Reunion Committee feel we will stage an affair that will be a memorable event in the history of the organization. Much work has gone into the arrangements and the committee have given unselfishly of their time and effort to assure that no stone will be left unturned to assure four days of accomplishment and pleasure for the Reunionists.

We originally set up a tentative program, then took it apart to improve it. Where we could substitute a portion which we felt would add greater pleasure and more interest, we concentrated on making the changes. The net result, we feel, will be something we will long be proud of. We feel that all the Reunionists have to do to enjoy themselves will be to come and be prepared for fun and pleasure.

It seemed to us that in many previous reunions much concentration went into plans for the men and members, but our ladies have learned much from the errors of other reunions and we will give the ladies and children something they won't forget in the way of a program that will be an inducement for them to look forward to future reunions.

We members of the St. Louis Basha felt that the wives have such a great influence on attendance at reunions that we wanted the ladies to have such a good time that they will DRAG their men to future reunions. We've always taken great pride in the part our ladies played in the activities of our Basha and now we know we had good reason for that pride

when we can examine the fruits of their work in aiding us. As you know, our ladies have attended past reunions and as a result were able to select the things they liked and things they didn't like about other affairs and benefit from what they had learned.

In prior reunions, too often not enough planning was done for the children, but we realize that from year to year families grow and more and more children are accompanying their parents to our reunions, and since several of our ladies have children who have attended past reunions they have planned for the children the type of program they would have liked to have had arranged for their own. It may get to a point where the CHILDREN will be dragging parents to future reunions!

Reservations coming in have been satisfying. In a few instances those requesting reservations have failed to indicate their home address, price of rooms desired, dates of arrival, etc. If you have written for reservations and have not received a confirmation from the hotel within a week, you are urged to submit your request again to ascertain your rooms will be reserved.

If you haven't been able to make up your mind about attending, all that can be said is that you may be sorry if you don't. We intend that this will be a reunion that will be remembered for years to come, so don't be one of those who say when the St. Louis Reunion is discussed in later years, "I missed that one, wish I'd been there."

We urge you to get those reservations in as quickly as possible. Why not do it right now?

HAROLD H. KRETCHMAR,
Reunion Chairman,
P.O. Box 1765,
St. Louis 1, Mo.



BUSINESS DISTRICT of St. Louis, site of the 8th Annual CBI Reunion, August 4-7. A top-notch program has been planned for the expected record crowd. Photo by St. Louis Convention and Publicity Bureau.

14th Air Force Assn.

● On Aug. 11-13 the 14th Air Force Assn. will hold its 8th annual convention at the Bellvue-Stratford Hotel in Phila. It is a grand reunion of China hands who combine the usual light spirit of veterans' conventions with a serious note. We have to date awarded three 4-year scholarships to boys whose dads made the greatest sacrifice while in China. We are hopeful that again this year we will see fit to make an award to a worthy child who would otherwise be deprived of an opportunity of attending school. We are most interested in securing information on children whose fathers were lost in China in order to establish an eligible list for scholarship awards. For information concerning the convention or scholarships, kindly contact the writer.

NORMAN SLOAN, Pres.,
14th AF Assn.,
7623 W. State,
Milwaukee 13, Wis.

Days Gone By

● It is always such a pleasure to read Ex-CBI Roundup and remember the days gone by.

ARTHUR G. FORTIER,
Chicago, Ill.



OCCASION FOR this celebration at the 3rd Air Depot, Agra, was announcement of V-J Day, Aug. 14, 1945. Photo by Dominic Brosio.

'Cantrell's Kittens'

● Spent 27 months in CBI as one of "Cantrell's Kittens," which was the 89th Airdrome Squadron. Major Cantrell was C. O. and it is my honest belief that we had the best outfit in CBI. I know we had the best C. O.

CHAS. W. OSBORNE,
Dallas, Texas.

Deep Impression

● My 28 months in the CBI made so deep an impression on me that I named our little home "Chota Mahal."

BURROWS SLOAN, JR.,
Norfolk, Va.

Col. Kinzie Retires

● A recent story in the local newspapers told of the retirement of Col. George F. Kinzie, 49, former commanding officer of the Eastern India Air Depot at Panagarh. Col. Kinzie had been air force instructor for the Colorado Air National Guard's 140th Fighter-Bomber Wing since 1952. The colonel plans to move to a small farm near Lyons, Colo., where he will raise crops and livestock.

ED FOSTER,
Boulder, Colo.

Twin City Basha

● Our Twin City CBI Basha is gradually rolling into an active unit. We have a mailing list of over 300 CBI-ers in this area and have about 30 Basha members. We have meetings once a month and have from 30 to 50 in attendance. Hope to do better next fall.

THOMAS F. LYNCH,
St. Paul, Minn.

Shillong Visitor

● Donald E. Wood of Shillong, Assam, is visiting in this country and is flying here today. I am going to try to bring him to the CBI reunion at St. Louis to meet some of the boys.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Chillicothe, Ohio.



CLIVE STREET, Calcutta, often referred to as the "Wall Street of Asia." Photo by Embassy of India.

Winfield Burke Wins \$500 Contest Award

**Max Hillsman, Wm. Cantrell
Win \$50 Savings Bonds**

Winfield Burke of Chillicothe, Ohio, won the \$500.00 first prize in Ex-CBI Roundup's subscription contest which ended at midnight June 1st.

Max Hillsman of Torrance, Calif., and William E. Cantrell of Akron, Ohio, won second and third prizes respectively, each being awarded a \$50.00 U. S. Savings Bond.

Winners of 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th place, each receiving a \$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond, were Paul Burge of Ft. Worth, Texas; Lochrane Gary of Chicago, Ill.; Robert Nesmith of Houston, Texas; and Eugene R. Brauer of Milwaukee, Wis.

A total of 365 subscriptions were sold by contestants during the contest period. Following is the total subscriptions sold by each of the winners:

Winfield Burke	104
Max Hillsman	54
Wm. E. Cantrell	27
Paul Burge	25
Lochrane Gary	20
Robert Nesmith	19
Eugene R. Brauer	16

Burke, a traveling salesman, sold most of his subscriptions by personal contact, a portion to former Army buddies with whom he had corresponded. Even before the contest began Burke had sold many subscriptions to Ex-CBI Roundup in his travels throughout the Eastern and Southern section of the nation.

Max Hillsman had been in contact with hundreds of 7th Bomb Group men for several years. With the aid of his wife's writing arm, he contacted all those on his mailing list. Although many were already subscribers, Max succeeded in securing 54 subscriptions to win second place in the race.

Robert Nesmith, who won 6th prize, has donated his \$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond to the Houston CBI Basha.

All highest place contestants were notified on June 2nd of the contest results.

Ex-CBI Roundup wishes to thank all those who entered the subscription race. They have performed a valuable service to our magazine as well as to the 365 new subscribers who might otherwise not have known the publication is in existence.



*News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman*

DIBRUGARH—Following heavy rain throughout Assam, all tributaries of the Brahmaputra are in spate. The water level of the river at Dibrugarh has risen 18 inches during the past 24 hours alone (May 23). Dibrugarh is considered safe this year, thanks to protective measures taken since last year's disastrous flood. But a repetition of last year's floods seem to be in store for Assam.

CHERRAPUNJI—Total rainfall from May 5 to May 26 was 30.6 inches. Heavier rainfall is predicted in the next 30 days.

CALCUTTA—Calcutta police are considering adoption of measures to check immoral traffic in women, a crime which has assumed alarming proportions in the past few years. Most of the young girls are enticed from Tibet by Tibetans who offer to "secure bridegrooms" for them.

KARACHI—A battle is now on in Karachi between supporters of polygamy and those who advocate the popular demand of "one man, one wife."

BOMBAY—The government of Bombay has introduced a 7-hour silence period between 11 p. m. and 6 a. m. in the city and suburbs. The use of any kind of horn, gong or other sound-producing device by drivers of motor vehicles is prohibited during the period.

NAINI TAL—This summer capital of U. P. has been selected as the site for an astronomical observatory, the first of its kind in Uttar Pradesh and third in the country. The observatory will be operated by the State Government.

LUCKNOW—To discover who had stolen Rs. 50 from his cash, a clerk of a P. W. D. contractor prescribed that 20 laborers dip their hands in boiling oil. According to him, those who came out unscathed would be innocent. Needless to say all 20 received serious burns. Police are looking for the clerk.

CALCUTTA—Third Class sleeping coaches, built to a new design, are to be introduced for long-distance travel on Indian railways.

'Communist Propaganda'

● I thought the June issue was excellent, except for the article, "The New Tibet." As is often the case with articles in which the title couples "new" with the name of some area of the earth, the story was patently Communist propaganda. Deeply as I hate and despise Communism, I am not averse to reading about the works of Communists, providing that the material is presented objectively, which in this case it decidedly was not. The source of the article is stated to be a Reuter's News Service reporter writing from New Delhi. Presumably the author is an Englishman or a citizen of India. In either case he has gone to great lengths to ballyhoo the alleged good works of the Communists in Tibet, while saying nothing about any

bad feature of their rule. For example, one sees no mention of the fact that the Tibetans have completely lost their liberty and have been saddled with a regime which cannot but be otherwise than deeply abhorrent to them in many ways, even though it may have some aspects of progress for which they have no desire whatsoever. During many years of service in the Orient, I have had considerable experience with Reuter's News Agency, and I consider it neither reliable or objective in its reporting. It is a British agency, intended to serve British interests. While this is a perfectly legitimate object, I see no reason why Roundup should aid the spread of British propaganda on behalf of Communists by printing an article like "The New Tibet." I am a booster for

Ex-CBI Roundup. Should the magazine print one more article like this, however, I shall feel compelled to say, with great regret, "Please include me out!"

Col. DAVID BARRETT,
Boulder, Colo.

Poem Author

● Was interested to learn that a poem entitled, "Typhus Kid," by Lt. Jo Holod, that I had written while serving in the Army Nurse Corps in India in 1946, was recently published in Ex-CBI Roundup ("Sleep Quietly, Brothers," —May). Am now Mrs. John Colan. John was formerly of the Coast Guard and assigned to the U. S. S. Freeman which took our group of nurses to Calcutta in July, 1945, and which time we met. We were married in 1949. We now live with our two daughters on Long Island. Needless to say my present writing is limited to notes to the milkman.

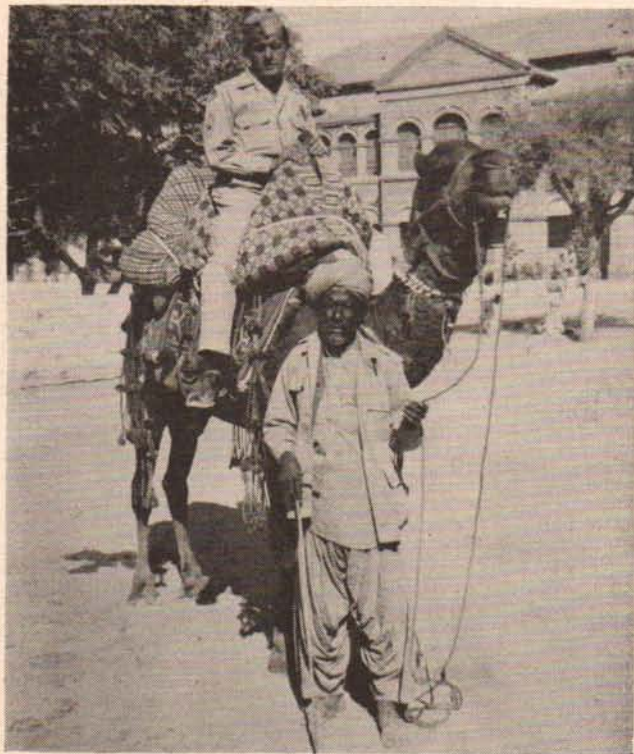
Mrs. JOHN COLAN,
Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

Seeing Is Believing

● As soon as I receive a new issue I do nothing else until I have finished reading it. Sure can't understand why anyone would complain about how Roundup recalls the old memories of China and India. I'll admit we had some rough times but we also saw some of the wonders of this old earth that otherwise we could not have seen or even believed. As rough as it was we still had some good times and I thank God for my safe return. Sure wish I could take my wife on the "Pilgrimage to India." I believe if she could see some of that country she could more fully understand what I have tried to tell her about it. Would like to hear from some of the 373rd Bomb Squadron.

RALPH H. BAKER,
Jackson, Mo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



ARTHUR G. FORTIER poses on camel in Calcutta. Camels were rare in Bengal Province, hundreds of miles from desertland.

It Happened In CBI

After arriving at the Bengal Air Depot in 1943 it was my duty as an M.P. sergeant to help set up a security system whereby measures would be taken to protect U.S. property. Air Corps material had a way of disappearing very suddenly. Two gates for entrance and exit were set up for use of the many civilian employees. An M.P. and Gurkha guard was stationed at these posts at all times with orders to search all civilians. The sergeant in charge of the base carpenter shop informed the provost marshal that long lengths of lumber were missing but he couldn't figure out how? After investigation it was learned the natives were cutting 16-foot lengths of lumber into short blocks and being passed at the gates as scraps were permitted to be removed from the base. The culprits insisted the GI lumber was much better for cooking purposes than cow dung. — ALLEN P. JOHNSTON, Wilmington, Del.



I was in command of the 70th Field Hospital and we were on our way over the Ledo Road in June, 1945. It was the first large convoy over the newly-opened road, some 130 vehicles. It was the first night's stop after crossing the China border. All of us had sorely missed our fresh eggs in India. My Executive Officer went into town and managed to get a dozen at about 10 cents each (American). About six of these were rotten. But my First Sergeant took a couple of boxes of the hard tack which came in the ten-in-one ration kits, that no one would eat, and came back with three dozen nice fresh eggs. I would bet on the EM every time. — SCOTT S. JONES, M. D., Tacoma, Wash.

YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened in CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue.

Based in Ledo with the 315th Troop Carrier Squadron, we had a rest camp in Sadiya where we did some limited hunting and fishing. Once while there we encountered a band of Tibetans making their annual trek to market bearing packs of pelts, etc., weighing up to 150 pounds on their backs. The contents of these packs were traded to the Indians for salt and other staples. We traded a few items with them and then, becoming acquainted with a lad about 14 years old, who was probably making his first trek — we coerced him into getting in the back seat of our jeep. We sped down a bumpy cow trail, and while holding on for dear life, his face broke out into a wide smile and he shouted "Achha! Achha!" Needless to say he was the center of attention of his fellow Tibetans when he stumbled out of the Jeep. — JEFF LYPE, Jr., E. St. Louis, Ill.



While stationed at Hathazari with the 347th Airdrome Squadron, two traveling Indian dealers in precious stones invaded our area. The spokesman in well-rehearsed English gave the sales talk, his partner carrying the gems in a little bag was a deaf mute. The GI's surrounding the two felt being taken by fakes, especially when one volunteered his services to prove it. He walked up to the deaf mute and with a well-placed GI shoe stamped the right bare foot of the unfortunate. He jumped around, holding the injured foot, making sounds of agony that only a deaf mute could. There was more surprise than disappointment. — OMER J. CHOUINARD, Fitchburg, Mass.

Winning Entry

Back in 1943, when the American outfits were arriving in Assam, the senior officer in a newly established mess in the Gauhati-Pandu area asked my mother, a long-time British resident, what was considered the average monthly pay for an Indian cook. Mother told him about 20 rupees. The gentleman, used to the standard of living in the U. S., thought she meant 20 rupees per officer using said mess, of whom there were six. Time passed happily for these boys as the food served by their cook was excellent. So good, in fact, that at the end of a couple of months, the officers decided not only to pay the regular salary to the cook, but to add a bonus for his fine work. The following morning there was no breakfast. "Where's the breakfast? Where's the cook?" the bearer was asked, "Gone, sahib. He has retired." JEAN E. HOPE, Madeira, Ohio.

Over the Hump — to GURKHASTAN



By Col. Robert Bruce White

THE HUMP, you'll remember, was the 700 mile skyway across the Himalayas that kept China in the Second World War. Created by American blood and courage during the chaos and confusion of early '42, the Hump barnstormed its way, with appalling loss of men and equipment, into maturity; but it was performing its mission three years later with streamlined efficiency. By then it was flying more aircraft than any civilian airline in history; and flying them every hour of day or night across the most hazardous terrain in the world, to halt only if "even the birds were grounded."

Commanding the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command during the period of its greatest growth and efficiency was Gen. William H. Tunner. 'Willie the Whip' some of his associates called him; 'Tunner the Moving Man' as *Time* Magazine reported his later airlift triumphs in Berlin and Korea. As Bill Tunner's chief of aircraft maintenance-engineering on the Hump, and indirectly so during the Berlin Airlift, I shared a wee bit in his success. Never have I worked harder or found more happiness in my work than under his whip; the work seemed so vitally important then. In light of subsequent history, all the tremendous effort expended on the Hump now seems rather futile.

Recently, however, I visited our former airfields in Bengal and Assam, called on several neighboring tea planters and jute mill operators, flew many of our old routes this side of the Bamboo Curtain. Nostalgia impelled me there. As expected, all had changed. But I came away with the thought that even greater changes are in the making.

After the long drive through the ugliness, indigence and filth of Calcutta, it was refreshing to arrive at Dum Dum, the new international airport. Modern, shipshape, Asiatically efficient, it is much bigger than in ATC days. Loud speakers bark a babel of tongues. On the broad busy ramp are aircraft of a dozen nationalities. After being misdirected

A Colonel Returns To Revisit Former Airfields in India

three times by confused *babus*, and wandering about taxiing aircraft, refueling trucks, whirling propellers and their wash, Peggy and I found the right Indian Airlines DC-3. Its serial number told me it was probably one of our original Hump aircraft; but it was in good mechanical condition despite 30,000 or more hours service.

We were the only European passengers; and the ship was loaded to capacity with *dhoti*-clad men and *sari*-clad women, and some in colorful combinations of both European and Asiatic dress. Two DC-3s were authorized to proceed simultaneously to takeoff position. And to give the occupants a thrill, we raced, wingtip to wingtip, much of the way. We won, and after the briefest power-check, made a spectacular interceptor-like takeoff and climb over the Hooghli. Once aloft, the pretty Indian hostess came forward with a tray of anise-seed, lollipops, spices, *pan* or betelnut, and Wrigley's gum. (No American airline offers half so enticing a chew.) Later, as Peggy enjoyed her first glimpse of the Himalayas from the co-pilot's seat, the latter told me that a Bengali passenger, dissatisfied with the lunch served aloft, had been found in the toilet, calmly cooking *chappatis* on a Primus stove. Flying in India isn't quite what it used to be, ten years ago.

Our flight was via Gauhati, Tezpur, and Jorhat to Mohanbari, Upper Assam. All these airfields were built by Americans during the war. From Mohanbari we proceeded by motor, passing Chabua, Dinjan, and Sookerating airfields, all abandoned now, to Barahapjan Village. There, Hamish Grant, manager of one of the world's largest tea plantations, had invited us to spend a week. Like hundreds of other officers I had come to know this extraordinarily able and jovial Scot in wartime; but so far as could be learned, I was the first American to

return to that isolated but beautiful part of the world.

Northward, far beyond thousands of squat tea bushes, beyond the treacherous Brahmaputra River, but plainly visible from our old, delapidated control-tower at Sookerating, are the eternal snows of the Tibetan Himalayas. Southward, beyond more tea and encroaching jungle, beyond the Ledo Road, lie the Naga Hills—comparatively little fellows these, a mere 6000 to 9000 feet high, separating Assam from Burma. Eastward but a few miles, the Valley ends abruptly in forested hills over which mighty cumulus is towering. And 525 miles across those eastern hills, beyond the Mekong, the Irrawaddy, and the Salween River gorges, and great terrifying spurs of the true Himalaya stretching like knuckled fingers across ATC's classic route, is Kunming, Yunnan Province, China. Even from the tower the view is sublime.

Scrawny cattle are grazing around 'Operations,' herded by Indian kiddies to whom the Hump has no significance. In the maintenance shops, or what remains of my once-proud enterprise there, several Hindu families dwell, a red clay idol of Ganesha replacing the pin-up girls and production charts that once adorned its walls. Gone are the barracks and go-downs, the chapel and headquarters. The concrete runways and revetments bear evidence of the devastating earthquake, one of the worst in history, that rocked the Himalayas and shook the Valley so tragically five years ago; and for a few days restored the glory of Sookerating airlift (of rice, not matériel) until rail and motor traffic could be re-established. Along those cracked runways elephant grass, ten feet tall, and blue argeretum grow in profusion. And in the bamboo thickets near Engineering shortly before my visit, a huge Bengal tigress on the prowl for cattle was shot. The only thing unchanged through the decade of peace is the cordial hospitality of Hamish and Edith



BUNGALOW OF Jack Millard, Assam Tea Planter, three miles from Sookerating airfield. Many officers and men based at Sookerating were guests of Millard during the war. Photo by Wm. J. Masters.

Grant. Their comfortable old bungalow, shared for three years with Sookerating base commanders and visiting brass, is much the same.

Standing in the old control-tower, I relived for a moment a typical summer's evening in '44. On the big ramp several aircraft are being loaded by GI's and Indians with barrelled gasoline and ammunition-cases for China. In the mists gathering at the end of the taxiway, three C-46s, already heavily loaded, are preparing for takeoff, the roar of their exhaust rising and falling like distant thunder. In the purplish glow of the instrument panel, the first two young pilots, tense faced, sweating profusely, await clearance from the tower.

In the darkness the pilot releases his brakes, turns into the runway, advances throttles until manifold-pressure screams at the red-line, then with deafening acceleration comes hurtling down the strip toward me. Two shafts of dazzling white beneath the wing panels stab a path in the darkness. Flickering blue exhaust flame and colored navigation lights form parallel streaks, racing across the edge of night. With utmost calm and gentleness now, he draws back on the controls, is airborne. Both R-2800s at full power, gear retracting, he pounds by the tower when, for an instant, the rotating beacon flashes on the ungraceful brown fuselage. The co-pilot cuts the lights, eases off the throttles, synchronizes the props; and alone in the Valley another trip across the Hump is begun.

"Hang her on those props, kid," I said to myself. "That's our umpteenth trip over the 'rockpile' today."

"Chuck the day dreams, Colonel; that bloody tower may collapse any moment from termites," Hamish shouted from below, bringing me back to reality. "Come along now, back to the bungalow. Over a bottle of Dewars we'll fly the Hump all night if you wish."

Hamish well remembers its history; he helped procure the land for our bases and the labor for their construction; he was on the "reception committee" in March '42 when Vinegar Joe Stilwell and his pitiful band of refugees came streaming out of the Burmese jungles. Stilwell's retreat meant the Japs had taken Burma, choked off the last remaining supply route to China. It was a major disaster but one way or another, supplies had to go through. By road across the Hump? By pipeline? Yes, but that would take too long. Obviously, the immediate need was an air route, but what a route! No one had the least idea how much tonnage could be airlifted.

But some joker came up officially with the guess that 10,000 tons a month were possible, 4,000 tons more than the Burma Road had ever delivered in any month.

Pan American Airway's CNAC had started flying from Dum Dum to China through the Himalayan back door in '41. And when the Allied collapse gave their route highest priorities in Asia, they hastily shifted 10 cargo aircraft from the North African run to CNAC; and with the help of several major airlines, notably American Airlines, they stepped up their operation substantially. Then in April '42 Col. Caleb Haynes arrived in Assam with the first Army transports to take over General Bissel's 10th Air Force Assam-Burma-China Ferrying Command. Shortly before Caleb's arrival, Col. William Old became the first U. S. Army officer to fly the Hump. His was a top-secret mission, to refuel Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders. And it was one of Doolittle's raiders, Capt. John Payne, who stayed on with Caleb to make the first crossing of the Hump by night. A very dangerous business in those days.

This odd collection of aircraft and men had hardly begun their mission when most of their effort had to be diverted to good Samaritan purpose. Supplies had to be dropped to Stilwell's forlorn refugees. And across the Naga Hills from Myitkyina to Dinjan thousands of sick and wounded had to be evacuated. One DC-3, successfully evading Jap fighter attack, limped home with 74 passengers—in a ship designed for 21.

Few officers ever faced more arduous pioneering than Caleb Haynes and Bill Old. Dinjan, the crudest sort of airfield, was crowded with USAF, Royal Air Force and CNAC aircraft. The rains had come, torrential rains, and mud was everywhere. The men lived no better than coolies in *bashas*, thatch-roofed, mud-floored huts of bamboo. Insects were everywhere, and the food was godawful. There was but one shift, sixteen hours a day. And according to *Yank*, only nine men were available to service the first 15 aircraft. They worked in the open on bamboo workstands or empty oil barrels surrounded by mud. "You don't slide for second base around this dump," said one of them, grimly. "You dive for it through a foot of muck."

Alternate routes through the mountain passes were unknown, weather reports often a ghastly joke, navigational facilities non-existent. Over much of the course Japs were constantly on patrol for the unarmed transports. Allied fighter protection was scant indeed. In May,

however, 80 tons were delivered to China, in June 106, in July 85. At least the first trickle had begun. Gen. Chennault, meanwhile, was setting up an agonized shriek to Washington for materiel. So were Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the China Lobby, even Lin Yutang. By autumn 600 tons a month were being airlifted. An operational pattern was developing. Construction of more airfields was started. More transports were arriving. Now the Japs began to realize the threatening importance of the route, and in October came the first of several raids in Assam. They weren't particularly destructive; but they added no little to the concern of the overburdened command. And in December '42, Gen. Edward Alexander, another exceptionally able officer, took over the heart-breaking job.

WITH HAMISH Grant I made a brief visit to Alexander's old headquarters at Chabua. It has, of course, reverted to its original purpose, a tea planter's bungalow. There, even its wartime name is forgotten. On its broad veranda early in '43, several staff officers stood calmly watching an air raid. "Take cover, you poor dumb bastards," roared Alexander's operations chief. And thus came into being the official name which many men will long remember, not in connection with that air raid but their own alleged shortcomings and virtues there in *Dumbastarpur*.

Under Alexander's regime, much of the airlift had been performed by commercial DC-3s or its Army counterpart, the C-46 Gooney Bird—and by C-87s, converted B-24 bombers. For ease of maintenance and rugged endurance, no better airplane than the DC-3 has yet been built. Not so the C-87; it was anything but a sweetheart. But neither one could carry enough cargo.

Alexander had selected as his workshop the C-46 Commando, a big-bellied transport just beginning to emerge from Curtiss factory doors. It had been released for duty before a small fraction of its 'bugs' were eliminated; indeed at war's end, it still had bugs galore, many of them fire-hazardous. One C-46 I saw take-off from Chabua in '44 was back on the ground in hellish flames 135 seconds later, its starboard wing cut away by torching hydraulic fluid as though made of paper-maché. Thanks to development work by inexperienced pilots and mechanics working, often enough, without proper tools and always without enough spare parts, the C-46 eventually became immensely useful to the show. Men died, in the air and on the ground, learning its idiosyncracies and correcting



TEA PICKERS on the Millard plantation near Sookerating. Photo by Wm. J. Masters.

them in face of overwhelming military emergency. Little wonder that one squadron selected as its motto: "Too much, too soon."

The young lads first assigned to fly C-46s in Assam, all too frequently, wouldn't have qualified as co-pilots on domestic airlines. Expert mechanics were rare. And a talented ballet dancer when drafted had become, at war's end, one of my best engineering officers. Lest I seem to take undeserved credit, let me add that my predecessor, Col. Ed Schroeder of American Airlines, and Mr. Herb Fisher, crack test-pilot of Curtiss-Wright, deserve most of the credit for alleviating the C-46 migraine; they jolly well deserved their military decorations.

General Alexander literally burned himself out on the Hump. Thoroughly tired and ill from the man-killing pace, he was relieved in October '43. Of all the Hump command assignments his was the toughest. When he left for home, construction of many new bases both in China and India was well under way; good radio facilities were installed; his crews were far better trained; and tonnage was up from 600 to 3000 a month. Under General Earl Hoag who succeeded him but inherited no bed of roses, the command continued to grow and tonnage mounted. And in December '43 President Roosevelt cited the India-China Wing for extraordinary performance of duty; they had delivered 12,000 tons in one month. This citation had been recommended much earlier. But because ATC was not engaged in combat, the Adjutant General's office disapproved it—this notwithstanding the loss of 17 of their first 64 aircraft either by enemy action or on the Hump itself, a record more tragic than many combat units ever suffered. This time the Big Boss over-ruled the AGO.

Early in '44 Earl Hoag was replaced by his tyrannical but colorful operations officer, Tom Hardin. General Hardin was well qualified for the assignment. A su-

perb pilot, he drove himself and his men at maximum manifold-pressure, lifting the daily tonnage—and accident rates—to unprecedented heights. Tom was the man under Alexander who had put operations on a round-the-clock basis. Saying to hell with the Japs he tolerated no cancellation of flights when enemy aircraft were reported to be on the prowl. And it was he who threw weather reports, the airman's bible, into the wild blue yonder by issuing his Olympian decree, "The Hump is never closed."

In fairness to this dynamic individual, I must add that when all fields were soaked in by monsoon clouds squatting on the runways so thick, in his language, you couldn't even blow, the Hump did close; but not for long. Under his leadership, a vigorous competitive spirit between bases developed. "Beat Sookerating!" was the slogan at Mohanbari, while at Sook many signs read: "Down with Mohanbari" or "To hell with Chabua." Men watched the daily production charts with interest as keen as they had ever followed baseball scores at home. And as daily records were smashed, a sign at headquarters proudly proclaimed: "We done it again."

But as they 'done it again,' one aircraft was wrecked during January '44 for every 218 trips. Every thousand tons delivered to China cost 2.94 lives, one American boy for every 340 tons across the Hump. Trying to keep Chennault and the Generalissimo happy—and they were far from satisfied—had become a very costly business, costly indeed compared with the August '45 records. By then only one aircraft was lost for every 2,309 trips. A thousand tons delivered for 0.189 life.

Credit for this achievement in safety must go to Bill Tunner who took command in August '44. Yet in fairness to Hardin, you should know that in the months following his departure, air supremacy became ours. The Japs lost Myitkyina and Upper Burma. New routes at lower altitudes, longer but less hazardous, were established. Best of all, Douglas's new sweetheart, the C-54, came to Bengal. The terrific pressure from Washington under which Hardin was tortured did not relax; if anything it increased. But Tunner's redistribution of that pressure was different. American management techniques came into use—sometimes contrary to Army Regulations—and they were applied not alone by pilots or ex-airline executives, but successful engineers, lawyers, bankers, educators in uniform with whom Bill Tun-

ner surrounded himself. Air safety had come into its own; and an entirely different esprit d'corps.

ONE BY ONE, the problems of the Hump were solved: travel control, supply and maintenance, communications and navigational aids, terminal facilities, living conditions. Even the sorry food service in Assam became respectable, if not like the Waldorf. And a round trip to China started every 2½ minutes, so frequently indeed that traffic in Kunming Area exceeded anything known in New York or Chicago to this day.

To celebrate the 38th birthday of the USAF on 1 August '45, the command made a supreme effort to smash all existing records. Eagle-colonels helped change engines, rolled gasoline barrels, worked all night. That day 1,118 trips were chalked up; 5,300 tons were delivered—more than the original planners of the Hump really thought possible in a month's flying. Between that birthday party and war's end, cargo was moving at the rate of 83,000 tons a month; and plans were well under way to step up the pace by another 50% before spring. During August, one base—Tezgaon in East Bengal—transported more gasoline to China than the newly constructed pipeline to China; and their C-54s, with production-like maintenance, were flying nearly 12 hours a day, a record that few commercial airlines ever achieve.

Headquarters of the India-China Division, ATC, and several other important commands during the last two years of the war were at Hastings Mill near Calcutta. For a century, Hastings had been a jute mill, one of India's largest; in '46

it became a jute mill again. Managing its several thousand employees is a lonely old Scot named Alexander who had fascinating stories to tell me about the 3,000 men, women and children massacred between Serampore and the mill, and in the mill itself, during India's tragic partitionment. Together we strolled through the main building where hundreds of jute and silk looms have replaced the sweat-stained desks where so many of us shuffled papers interminably, and the mosquito-netted beds where junior officers and GI clerks used to sleep and curse the ugliness and stink of India. Gone are clubs, chapel and dispensary; they are go-downs again. Gone, too, the concrete blocks which near-naked *dhobis* tried to pound apart while washing our shirts and shorts. General Stratemeyer's home is again occupied by the mill owner, no longer a Scot but a corpulent Hindu. And General Tunner's Hastings House is now Mr. Alexander's quarters. But the hoopoes and crows still play in the pretty gardens facing the Hooghli, and the poincianna-regias are more beautiful than before.

With comfortable furniture, screens and ceiling-fans, and food prepared by M/Sgt. Georges Girolas, one of America's best chefs, life at Hastings House for the key officers of ATC was a far cry from what General Alexander's staff endured in the dank, bug-ridden bashas of Chabua; or the boys in China. Many tales were told of the wartime "hardships" of Hastings House, especially the banquets arranged by Girolas for real VIPs like Lily Pons. But all was not ale and skittles. Seldom did any resident work less than 70 hours a week.



AIRSTRIPE AND parking revetments at Dinjan, described by Colonel White as "the crudest sort of airfield," where, during the early days of the war in CBI, "men lived no better than coolies in bashas." U.S. Army photo, August 9, 1945.

And under Bill Tunner, the house might well have had a name like Dumbastarpur; or better still, the name ruefully given his headquarters-home in Korean days: Sore-Pratt-by-the-Sea.

The evenings at Hastings House I like best to recall were those when Sgt. Leonard Pennario, the distinguished pianist, used to call. One night in October '44, when moonlight flooded the poincianas by the veranda and sparkled like jewels on the dark river, he was playing for a small group not then on duty up-country. For his last number Leonard had selected Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which he played in the semi-darkness of the moonlit living room. He played superbly; and as the last notes died away, came an ugly interruption, a 4-Z message from Kunming. Near Lake Tali, a long shining finger of blue water by day, a beautiful reflecting pool by night, our first C-54 crew — in trouble and confused by the dense traffic—had made their first, and last, landing in China.

From beginning to end, 594 aircraft were lost on the Hump. In those crashes, 1,314 died, 1,171 walked out, 345 were listed as missing. In ATC alone, the boys allergic to combat, 910 crew members and 130 passengers died. During the war someone wrote that when the final figures for tonnage were published, you wouldn't find mention of the Search & Rescue Unit of ATC; nary a barrel of gasoline did they take over the Hump. But the facts are that this indomitable little outfit had the toughest, most spectacular job of all. Hundreds of men owe their lives to SRU. Three out of every four crash survivors came out of the mountains alive, many of them to fly the Hump again. All this was achieved by crew briefing at special jungle survival camps, by devising clever emergency equipment for jungle survival, and the highly trained, thoroughly experienced search-rescue men of SRU, the Americans, British, Gurkhas, and Nagas, who went into action moments after a crash was reported.

Not far from the airline terminal at Mohanbari are the hard-standings once used by SRU's beaten-up C-47s, their Piper L-4s, Stinson L-5 stretcher-ship, and a B-25 ironically named *Lazy Daisy*. Other than concrete, little else remains. Gone, of course, is the gigantic wallmap of the Himalayas on which first Major Bob Wright, later Major Don Pricer, stuck pins to indicate where a missing aircraft was last heard from. Or flags to indicate, later, where the wreckage was found. Around each new pin the

major would plot an 'area of probability.' Then his pilots would lumber out, at minimum altitude, to search the highest mountain peaks and passes in the world for wreckage; a spiral of smoke, slashed timber, the blink of a pocket mirror, a waving shirt. Having found the wreck or the survivors, often far from the regular routes, their work had just begun. Next they tried to learn, by signals, how many were dead or injured, what supplies were urgently needed, and to assure the men help was coming. If at all possible, an L-4 puddle-jumper would land in a clearing; if not, trailmen would be parachuted in with supplies so the survivors could be guided back to civilization, or so that a clearing could be hacked out for the stretcher-ship. On many occasions, a flight surgeon would drop in, and having performed his errand of mercy, bring out his patients on litters. Outstanding among such brave skilled men was Don Fleckinger, now the brigadier commanding the USAF School of Aero Medicine. On one such trip, Don brought out a badly injured boy on a flimsy raft on which they shot the rapids or river torrents, descending in all more than 4,000 feet in their 100 mile trip homeward.

The native tribes in that wilderness, some of whom are still addicted to head-hunting, had been kept reasonably friendly for many years thanks to the splendid work of exceptionally able British frontier political officers and forestry men. Three such men: Leo Edgerley of Mauritius, P. L. S. James of Doom Dooma, Assam, and J. L. Leyden of London. I came to know quite well during or after the war. With their excellent cooperation, and many others, the natives were induced to help crash survivors get back. Gold, opium and salt, distributed by SRU men in goodly quantities, also helped keep their friendship. This policy paid handsome dividends. Almost always, the tribesmen were on our side rather than the Japs.

So wild is the country that some survivors were found by neither natives nor SRU search crews, aerial or ground. Lieut. Charlie Allison and his crew of three established the record; they spent 93 days, barefooted, ill, half-starved on a diet of berries and bark, before getting home. Another crew, scandalously off course, landed on the Tibetan plateau, but got home safely. But the men of SRU were not always so lucky.

Colorful Capt. John Porter, one of the first members of this great little team, was on a search mission when he spot-

ted a Jap aircraft half hidden on a jungle strip. Without a second's hesitation he put his DC-3 into a power-dive, strafing the Jap with a Bren-gun braced against the belly of his co-pilot. The Jap probably never knew what hit him. On Porter's last mission he was jumped by a swarm of Zeros over the Irrawaddy Valley. Radioing back to headquarters that he was being attacked, his last words were, "Wait a minute, Mac; can't talk now. Gotta take a couple of shots at those s.o.b.'s . . ." Porter and his crew died as he spoke. But they weren't checked off SRU records until their bodies were found and buried, weeks later. I have never known a more utterly fearless pilot.

Such men as these, and hundreds more deserving mention—British, Indian, Anglo-Indian, Gurkhas, Nagas, Chinese, as well as Americans—men in positions both humble and great, account for the 776,532 tons airlifted to China during those 42 hectic months of operation. Under Bill Tunner's command 451,000 tons crossed the Hump. At the end, deliveries were being made at the rate of 3.7 tons a minute, which pace might well have become 5 tons a minute by the spring of '46. Heavy-duty trucks and bull-dozers, bombs and torpedoes, horses and mules (that kicked out the ship's air-ducts and corroded the flight decks) hospital supplies for the Communists, entire armies with full field equipment (later used to fight the Reds) even Paul-ette Goddard, were airlifted to China. And lifted again well into the interior.

A truly great show, it demonstrated for the first time what Bill Tunner was to demonstrate even more convincingly in Berlin and Korea; given the willpower and means, you can fly anything, anywhere, any time.

As this axiom is contemplated, you will do well to recall the current situa-

tion in Red-occupied Tibet and Yunnan, and all the territory along the southern slopes of the Himalayas now under Indian influence: Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, Assam and particularly the Frontier Tracts of Assam. *Gurkhanistan* is what Red China now calls that magnificent country. And at least one map in Nehru's possession shows Gurkhanistan as a frontier province of China. "A topographical error in drafting, so sorry" was the patent explanation.

Some unhappy day the snowclad peaks and wild gorges of the Himalayas may again resound to the roar of aircraft engines. A hump in reverse next time, from East to West and from North to South. Serving as unloading rather than loading points, those Assamese fields built with such toil and tears may overflow again with men and matériel. In China, Chennault's and ATC's airfields, a score of them, are not being neglected. Hangars, post-exchanges, chapels and clubs may not exist; but men accustomed to flying in Manchuria and Siberia won't miss them. When I visited Shillong, capital of Assam, I learned on excellent Indian authority that several new airfields are under construction by Red troops in Tibet. Existing facilities in Yunnan and Szechuan, however, are such that a Hump in reverse might deliver, with precious little advance notice—and even less interception by the Indian Air Force than we had from the Japs—whole armies to the pleasant peaceful Valley of the Brahmaputra. From there southwestward through politically confused Bengal to Calcutta, now the main outlet for Communist propaganda in India, would be a pushover.

As everyone knows, the Chinese after occupying Tibet four years ago installed a remarkably affable administration. By mild and polite government, they have made themselves surprisingly popular. Their troops, like those that occupied Shanghai, behaved in exemplary fashion. They have built schools where Chinese is not a compulsory language, and rebuilt ruined monasteries where Buddhism is not being suppressed. Their fame in road building, not only in Tibet but contiguous Sinkiang and Sikang, has spread far and wide; convoys move without trouble into Lhasa. Their hope, obviously, is that the governing powers in the feudal states of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim will abandon India's protection, and throw in their lot with Peking. The program, thus far, is eminently successful.

With political ferment sweeping across all Asia, the ruling families of Bhutan, just north of our old bases in Tezpur,

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Lal'hat, and Misamari, reflect increased sympathy for China. In Nepal, home of the famous little Gurkha soldiers and Mount Everest, unrest is notorious; the hereditary premiers of Nepal have been ousted by India, but under the current regime, discontent and instability are growing. In the Frontier Tracts of Assam, back in the hills where our rest-camps were established, the natives no longer enjoy the paternal guidance of Britain. Cheap Bengali politicoes, hated by the hillmen, have replaced skilled political officers like James and Leyden whom they respected no end. And as a result of such changes, trouble is brewing; witness, in proof, the hideous massacre of Major Singh and his troop in December '53. The hillmen of Assam are now clamoring for union with their fellow tribesmen in Bhutan and Sikkim.

Independence for all of them is clearly a Communist goal. And they aren't missing any opportunity to stir up religious hatreds and political ferment to keep the atmosphere right for subversion if not actual invasion.

All this is India's problem, to which I must append the timely remarks of a pet mynah bird Hamish Grant owned during the war. That gorgeously orange-wattled black beauty had acquired a limited vocabulary but what he uttered was said with startling clarity. On one memorable occasion, a visiting brigadier was talking at boring length about his military achievement. But after the third interruption by the mynah, he gave up. "Ain't that something?" said the bird, then, "Well, I'll be goddammed."

—THE END.

BURMA ROAD MAY REOPEN

A BRITISH correspondent, reporting from Lashio, Burma, wrote this article for London newspapers just last month:

The relics of Lashio's past at the head of the famous wartime Burma Road to China lie piled high in the backyards of this small market town. Trucks that set out by the hundreds every day on the long run to Kunming, Kweiyang and Chungking now lie here rusting.

Its boom days over, Lashio has relapsed into the more modest role of administrative center of the Northern Shan States.

But the town has hopes of improvement if the Burma Road is reopened on the Chinese side and trade begins to filter through again from Yunnan. This week an advance party arrived to establish a Communist Consulate, while a Burmese Consulate in Kunming will soon follow. Hopes here, and all along the road to the border, are that the barriers will soon go down.

This has not yet been decided and will require some discussions. But officials in Rangoon confirm that talks will soon begin. What the trade will amount to is another matter. It may disappoint some of those who recall traffic on the road in war days. The more important outlet for Yunnan's trade is still likely to be down the Red River Valley through Hanoi to

Haiphong, which now is in Vietminh hands.

The opening of communications was one of the points mentioned in a joint statement issued after Burmese Premier U Nu's visit to Peiping last December. The Chinese may be eager to foster trade.

Besides trade along the Burma Road, they have some interest in developing communications through this back door with countries such as India, Burma, and Indonesia. Chou En lai, Chinese Communist Premier, traveled this way to Bandung. The Burmese, who have acquired three Viscount aircraft for delivery in March, 1957, for use on their services to Calcutta and Bangkok, are considering opening air service to Kunming.

Although their loyalty to the Union of Burma is at least as great as that of any other of the country's minorities, the Shan States are still a world of their own. This is apparent in walking down the main street of Lashio past the Frontier Motor Stores and Sin Sin Pinman and then Shin Shing, Opium Dealer.

In an exception made for economic reasons many years ago the League of Nations agreed that opium might still be grown in the area east of the Salween River, whose primitive inhabitants would have no other income if its growing were prohibited. It is sold under Government licenses to be consumed, as it were, on the premises, which in this case includes the area of the Shan States west of the Salween but not beyond.

In some states the Sawbwass, the semi-feudal rulers of the hill tribes, find it easier to accept opium than cash in payment of taxes.

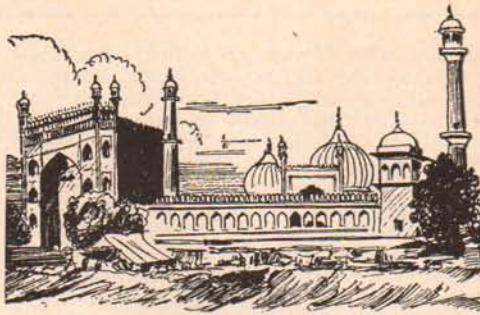
—THE END.

The Imam

of

Delhi's Jama Masjid

From the Calcutta Statesman



Sketches From The Calcutta Statesman

FROM THE WHITE minarets of the Jama Masjid an old mulla calls Muslims to prayer each day. Himself a devout Muslim, he exhorts other Muslims to lead a religious life and follow the teachings of the Prophet.

He and his forefathers belong to the family of Imams who led the prayers in the historic mosque for more than three centuries. The present chief Imam, Shams-ul Ulema Maulana Sayed Hamid, 11th in the line of succession of the Imams of Jama Masjid, traces his ancestry back to the Sayed family of Bokhara who migrated to Delhi during the time of the Moghul Emperor Shah Jahan.

The Imams of Jama Masjid have always been held in great esteem by the Government of the day. At the time of the coronation of Moghul emperors, the Imams were present and recited verses from the Quran.

On special occasions such as Id and the visit of a foreign dignitary or the



Head of a State, the Chief Imam dons the chogha (robe) presented to him by Amir Habibullah Khan, father of King Amanullah Khan of Afghanistan. Studied with gold and jewels, the chogha is worth many thousands of rupees. The Imams have received hundreds of other presents from foreign kings and visitors. They have always kept aloof from politics.

Shams-ul-Ulema Maulana Sayed Ahmed, father of the present chief Imam, who died in 1947, was perhaps the only muslim in India who was allowed "private entry" into the Viceroy's house. During World War II the late Imam visited the Middle Eastern countries and gave his blessings to Muslim troops of the Indian Army stationed there. In Rome he had an audience with the Pope.

Seventy-year-old Shams-ul-Ulema Maulana Sayed Hamid is a pious Muslim and has written some religious books in Urdu. He has two sons and seven daughters.

His 30-year-old younger son, Sayed Abdullah Bokhari, officiates as Imam in his absence. Recently he received foreign Prime Ministers and other dignitaries—Marshal Tito, Col. Nasser, the Prince of Saudi Arabia, and the Prime Minister of the Sudan—in the Jama Masjid and took them on a tour around the mosque.

The Chief is paid a monthly salary by the Sunni Majlis-e-Auqaf, a Muslim Trust which manages Muslim religious property in Delhi.

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BOOK REVIEWS



LOOKING BEYOND. By Lin Yutang. 378 pages. Prentice-Hall, New York, 1955. \$4.95.

The famous Chinese philosopher writes a novel about the year 2019. The heroine and her companion land their plane on an uncharted Pacific island and find a civilization of refugees who had sought escape from conflict.

NECTAR IN A SIEVE. By Kamala Markandaya. 248 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

A novel of Indian village life follows the tribulations of a peasant mother as she sees her family disintegrate under the oppression of poverty. The author is a Brahman woman. Praised by people who have a right to know.

EDWARD LEAR'S INDIAN JOURNAL. Edited by Ray Murphy. 240 pages. Coward-McCann, New York, 1955. \$10.

Another book of extracts from the diary of Edward Lear, an adventurous American artist. Reproduction of Lear's water colors accounts for the high price. His passage to India was in 1873.

INDIA TODAY. By Jack Finegan. 208 pages. The Bethany Press, Saint Louis, 1955. \$4.25.

This book is by an archaeologist. He writes from that viewpoint, and also as an American and an observer of people. Dr. Finegan wrote the book after a year's study in India. Illustrated with 50 photographs.

INDIAN VILLAGE. By S. C. Dube. 262 pages. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1955. \$3.

Life in a present-day Indian village, a study based on the Osmania University (India) social service extension project which the author directed in 1951 and 1952.

SAY IT IN JAPANESE. By Miwa Kai. 124 pages. Dover Publications, New York, 1955. \$1.49.

Useful phrases for tourists and others in Japan, accompanied by a pronunciation guide on a 33-1/3 rpm record. The book is bound in paper, 60 cents, and the record is 89 cents.

ENNIN'S DIARY. Translated from the Chinese by Edwin O. Reischauer. 470 pages. Ronald Press, New York, 1955. \$7.50.

A personal account of the experiences and journeys of a Japanese Buddhist monk who traveled through North China during the middle of the Ninth Century.

ENNIN'S TRAVELS IN T'ANG CHINA. By Edwin O. Reischauer. 353 pages. Ronald Press, New York, 1955. \$5.

This is a companion volume to *Ennin's Diary*. This book, better for the general reader, is a rearrangement of the diary so as to present a series of pictures of various aspects of life in China.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Rupert Emerson. 197 pages. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1955. \$3.50.

An analysis of the problems of self-government in Asia, where Communism is the constantly threatening alternative to Western civilization's democratic processes.

MEN SEEKING GOD. By Christopher Paget Mayhew. 117 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1955. \$3.

This book has the essential features of the Hindu, Buddhist, Jewish, Moslem, Catholic, and Protestant religions. The book is short, is illustrated, and has a bibliography.

THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA. By Heinrich Robert Zimmer. Two volumes. Pantheon Books, New York, 1955. \$22.50.

An introduction to Indian art as it documents the history of some five millenniums of Indian civilization. First volume is the text, second contains plates. Sells for \$17.50 till August 15th.

IT'S BETTER WITH YOUR SHOES OFF. By Anne Cleveland. 96 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont. \$2.

Cartoons of the earnest and funny attempts of foreign residents of Japan to understand and join in the Japanese way of life. The book contains cartoons only.

CONQUEST TO NOWHERE. By Anthony Herbert. 246 pages. Keystone Publishing Company, Herminie, Pennsylvania. \$3.50.

Experiences of the Korean war, as seen by the author, holder of 29 combat decorations, as told to Robert L. Niemann.

BATTALION MEDICS. By Van B. Philpot Jr. 100 pages. Exposition Press, New York, 1955. \$3.

A southern doctor, serving alongside Negroes in the Korean war, comes to feel segregation is wrong. It's a novel.

Same Old Smell!

● Enjoyed the second part of the trip over The Road (Journey from Burma—May & June). Have an excellent first hand memory of the road from Tagap to Ledo. Wonder what it looks like now, after the big earthquake? Got a letter last week from our ex-stenographer (a Parsee) in Delhi. She says the place has grown so much we wouldn't recognize the city any more. Bet it smells the same, tho!

R. G. STROUD,
Wadsworth, Ohio.

725th Ry. Op. Bn.

● Served with the 725th Railway Operating Bn., Co. C. We operated from Lalmanirhat to Amingaon on the Brahmaputra river, a nice 175-mile division. I don't see why more CBIs don't make the Military Railway Service convention.

A. C. LaTRACE,
Bigfork, Minn.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
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507 Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



JOHN L. CAVEY of the 502nd M.P. Bn., on duty at the Shingbwiyang airstrip, guarding P-40's and P-47's. U.S. Army photo, June 30, 1944.

1st Ferrying Group

● Would appreciate a history of the 1st Ferrying Group, particularly of the 6th Squadron stationed at Mohanbari. This Squadron went overseas on the USAT Brazil.

JOS. MACKRELL, Jr.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

On Next Tour

● We still enjoy the magazine and think it gets better as time goes on. Clark and I had thought of making the tour to India but illness prevented. Perhaps we can go another time if there is another trip.

Mrs. CLARK FENSLER,
Tulelake, Calif.

Reunion Program Ads

● The 1955 CBI Reunion Committee is soliciting "Booster Ads" for its Reunion Program. The St. Louis Basha will list the names of Booster contributors in the program on payment of only \$1.00. Anyone interested may send their dollar to CBIVA, Box 1765, St. Louis, Mo.

ALBERT V. MEYER,
St. Louis, Mo.

Back Issues!

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
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OLD NEW DELHI wallahs will recognize this scene as Connaught Place. Photo by Embassy of India.

120 Untouchable Families In One Small Building!

Accompanying the following article in the May 28, 1955, issue of the Calcutta Statesman were several photographs which show the incredible living conditions described in the feature. Roundup regrets it does not have access to the photos, but the article tells the story very well. —Ed.

I AM AT a loss to know how to introduce these photographs. I am told they speak for themselves, but that's not wholly true. You could not know, for instance, that this is a Calcutta Corporation bustee, not only tolerated by that august body, but encouraged by it. That it is home to some 120 Corporation sweepers (untouchables) and their families and is just one wall removed from the New Market fresh fish and poultry stalls.

Calcutta's public holds its nose next door and clucks with horror at the unfortunate circumstance of birds and animals in captivity. But, though letters have appeared in the press about overcrowded monkey's cages, birds ill-treated and dying by the hundred; fowls unwatered, no one has looked across the narrow lane and into this bustee where human beings are more crowded than the unfortunate animals, and as unloved.

A family of eight in a cave made of cages and sacking. Children in exhausted sleep near open drains. Family piled upon family with as much privacy and regard for basic human decency as sheep in a slaughter pen. And don't believe that these people know no better and want no better. Go and listen to them. Do they sound content?

"In this heat we burn as with fever. In the rain we sit with our legs up and cover our heads. It is always too hot, too wet, or too cold.

"At night we cannot sleep for the rats which run over us squeaking, and even bite at our feet and hands.

"I am sorry it smells so; we try to keep it clean. But in this little space we must cook, eat, sleep, and even die." This space he mentioned was the size of your bed or dining table! In one I counted three women, two children—and marvelled at the cleanliness of it!

Just in case you've missed something in this horror gallery, let me explain in detail. Some seventy families are housed in an abandoned range of the New Market, just one mud partition between

No Gals in India!

British Author Unknown

There aren't any popsies in Cox's,
At Bawli you won't find a blonde,
And down in Maungdaw
I'm hanged if I saw
Any type of which to get fond.

You won't get a thrill in Camilla,
There isn't a gal in Imphal,
And in far Chittagong
Love's old famous song
Just hasn't been heard of at all.

There's no cutie to kiss in Kohima,
In Dimapur dames don't reside,
In Sylhet, I'll bet
No sweetie you'll get
To take a nice walk by your side.

You can't have a fling in Lumding,
There aren't any janes in Jorhat,
And up in Gauhati
You'll drive yourself batty
If you're hunting about for a tart.

I ain't seen a female in Fini,
And a skirt is "non est" in Silchar,
You won't find any joy
In a place like Digboi
Or anywhere near Dibrugarh.

Calcutta, of course, has its cuddlies,
The chilly, the tepid, the hot,
But when I get there
The cupboard is bare
Some dirty dog's collared the lot!

—Submitted by Mrs. Edward W. Hope

them, no individual roofs, a wall separating them from the fish market. There is a long dark corridor onto which open the front doors of these "homes." Here children play and the sick are laid for air. And it's all provided free by a generous Corporation and accepted as adequate by a more fortunate public.

One "house" is built of discarded cages from the animal market nearby and confines seven human beings. "We've been here 12 years," a man confessed. Others have lived in this squalor much longer. That they survive is a constant wonder—but perhaps they don't.

Cholera, warns the Corporation, is infectious and now epidemic. And here are some 300 human beings living under the most unhygienic conditions in the heart of Calcutta's most popular market. Fish, meat and fruit stalls are within easy fly range of this squalor. A thought for the unfortunate inmates, please. —THE END.



Chota Peg and Small Talk

By
Syed Mohammed
Abdullah

Recipe of the Month

SAFFRON OMELET

6 eggs
4-6 slices of bacon (fatty)
1 medium onion (grated)
2 tps curry powder
1 generous pinch saffron
1 tomato (sliced)
1/3 cup milk
1/4 tsp. garlic powder
Salt and pepper to taste

Chop bacon into very small pieces. Fry until quite dark and crisp. Add slice of tomato, cook for five minutes only. Remove from oil and drain on absorbent paper. In a mixing bowl place eggs, grated onion, garlic powder, curry powder, saffron, milk and salt and pepper. Use hand or electric mixer, mix for five minutes. Pour into pan using the same oil that bacon was fried in. When omelet becomes firm on top, add bacon pieces and tomato and fold omelet in half. (When omelet starts to get firm, lower the fire. Be very careful not to burn the bottom of the omelet.) Gives four generous servings.

Anglo-Indians, the once pseudo aristocracy of India, for whom the bell of nationalism spelled doom. These people are now faced with the alternative of either becoming an integrated part of the Republic of India, or facing extermination as an alien group.

There was a time not so long ago when the native was forced to dance to the tune piped by the Anglo-Indian and the Englishman. Those days are gone; as is shown in a letter I received from my aunt in Bangalore a short time ago. "The natives are looking after their own. Our lot is an unfortunate one." Is there any wonder? In 1939 Sir Henry Gidney, the President of the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European Association, in a public statement said, "The sooner the Anglo-Indian and the Domiciled European dons a dhoti and affiliates himself with the natives of India, the better off the whole community will be." As a result of that statement Sir Henry was declared a "traitor" and was slanderized, persecuted and finally removed from office.

The Anglo-Indian for years had fawned at the heels of his colonial master whom he aped in customs, mannerisms, dress, religion and politics. He denied his Indian heritage by loudly proclaiming that his father was "a European." Like the jackass, who said that he was sired by a horse, the Anglo-Indian refused to discuss his mother.

The Anglo-Indian came into existence because of the uncontrolled biological urges of the British "Tommy," who left a stream of children of intermediate colors. Their mothers, hoping for a better life for the children, told them that their fathers were European Sahibs. In many instances, the father provided for the child's care and education; at times he even married the woman, thus the first chocolate-colored "Jones" boy had a legitimate claim to his name. Through the years the "Jones" boy felt that because his father was a sahib, he therefore was entitled to the rights and privileges of the European and the homage of the native. I personally know of several cases where the son refused to acknowledge his mother as such, and referred to her as his "servant." The mother, filled with the maternal desire for a better life for her child, went along without protest, knowing that it would be a handicap to have a native mother. The "Jones" boy put on a pair of pants and shirt, went to his father's church, and referred to England as "home."

If the European was hard on the natives; the Anglo-Indian was worse. He had to out-British the Britishers by being more anti-Indian. For this the Anglo-Indian found economic security by being offered only white-collar jobs. There was a time when he would not stoop to being a mailman or patrolman; much less a laborer in a factory. He hungrily grabbed the crumbs of approval from the table of his colonial masters. Yet he did not gain social acceptance from the Englishman, who referred to him as the "half-caste."

After my tirade about the Anglo-Indians it may sound strange, but I am an Anglo-Indian. I embraced Islam in 1935, reverting back to the religion of one of my ancestors. At that time I was given the name Abdullah—prior to that my name could have been Jones.

There are still a few copies of my book (mimeographed) "Temple Bells to Curry." This book is a must for everyone interested in India and Indian cooking. Regular price \$2.00; special for CBI-ers \$1.25 postpaid and autographed. There will not be another printing and the books are going fast, so get your order in. Send to Syed Mohammed Abdullah, 610 1/2 1st Ave. No., Seattle 9, Wash.

7th Bomb Group

● Was a member of the 9th Bomb Sq., 7th Bomb Group. We were stationed at Pandaveswar and Dacca, India. I read every word of Roundup and am especially interested whenever I see something about the 7th.

HOWARD ANDERSON,
Willow City, N. D.

Dusty Den Gal

● Certainly wish I had known about Roundup before this year. It's a grand little magazine and fairly transports one back over the years to the enchanting months we spent in India. For eight months I was at CATU, at Malir, India. It was there I met a grand officer, Major Bill Cantrell, who sent you the picture of coffee hour at Dusty Den (May). Am enclosing check for \$12.00 for six gift subscriptions to VA Hospitals.

MARJORIE CLOUGH,
Washington, D. C.

Report on Agra

● I hope when you rajas go back to India this fall you find out what's doing at the 3rd Air Depot at Agra. I suppose Agra Airways is still running under Indian management. I am particularly interested in the more substantial buildings across the base from Operations-Hq. where I worked, the guard house and our fine chapel. Hope you'll be able to find out what these buildings are being used for now.

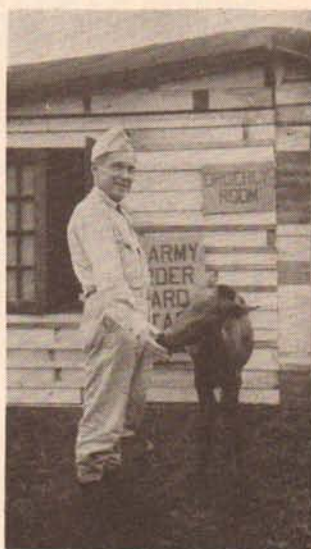
CARROLL F. SMITH,
Holcombe, Wis.

We'll give you a full report with pictures in Roundup on our return next Nov. 20th.—Ed.

Recalls Tali

● Enjoyed the July issue a great deal. Recall the picture of the street scene in Tali as I paid a visit there in 1944.

WM. J. MASTERS,
Portland, Ore.



Col. HAROLD TAGUE feeds sugar to the M.P. camp mascot, a tiny pony, at Wanting. The pony is nearly full size.

51st-23rd Fighter Gps.

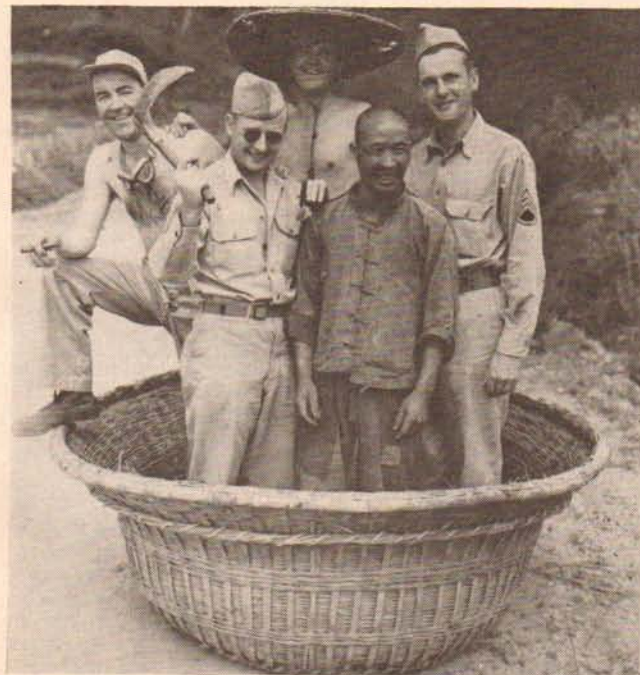
● Seems like the magazine gets better every issue. I'd sure like to see more letters from fellows of the 51st and 23rd Fighter Groups. Enjoy reading accounts of fellows who have returned for a look-see at sites in and around the Assam area, such as Robert Shaw in the May and June issues.

PAUL J. ALLTON,
Jenks, Okla.

Unjust Descriptions

● Am ordering some of the brassware featured in the July issue. I appreciate the Zari evening bag and jewel box ordered recently. Your descriptions don't do them justice and I expect to be ordering more of the same for gifts in the near future. The Bazaar seems to be one heck of a good deal. I certainly hope you see your way clear to keeping up the good work for us.

WARREN DABOLL,
San Antonio, Tex.



FOUR GI's pose with Chinese basket-carrier at Paoshan. The coolie carried the basket, fully laden, on his head. Photo by Col. Lewis C. Burwell, Jr.

BE SURE to attend the 8th Annual CBI Reunion at St. Louis, August 4 to 7.

Himalayan Valley of Fable

From the Calcutta Statesman

ONCE UPON a time in the high Himalayas was a turquoise lake. Upon its surface bloomed two lotus flowers so beautiful that Manjusuri, when he saw them, realized them divine. Setting his two wives on nearby peaks to watch, he cut at the wall of mountain with his sword and the waters of the lake were immediately released. Then, to mark where the divine lotus had once floated, he caused two temples to be built and they are there to this day—still beautiful and still divine, and their names are Swyambhu and Pashupati Nath.

Around them grew a city in which was built a house made from the wood of a single tree. It was called Kasthmandap and from it the present city of Kathmandu and the valley took their names.

That would be the end of the fable except that, like all fables, it varies at every telling, and in this particular case is still in the process of being spun. So it was not Manjusuri but Krishna who cut the gap, and Buddha sat to preach on one of the lotus blooms.

Krishna effected this tremendous feat by striking at the mountain with a thunderbolt. The thunderbolt assumed the shape of Ganesh and is there below the gorge today, enshrined in a gold-roofed temple, a strangely shapeless deity, and yet unmistakably Ganesh. But fable has romance still to weave, so that story tells of an ignorant farmer who, harvesting his corn, cut the trunk off the sleeping Ganesh.

When I dropped down through the evening to the lonely temple, hills towering around in curious silhouette, the river sonorous in pastel sleep, I was prey to fantasy. In the violet gloom, the temple, a molten minaret of gold, it was easy to believe in Krishna's thunderbolt, to imagine the shapeless, vermilion-colored stone a bleeding Ganesh. Two boys—unsubstantial in the scented smoke—offered incense. A woman sat immovable, child at breast.

Suddenly the quiet was shattered by chanting. In a blue-washed cloister already half lost to night a sadhu flicked through the contortions of some Tantric rite. Hair unkempt, eyes strangely luminous, he struck terror or demanded sympathy by an instant's pose. Stranger to the curious temple inhabitants, he had journeyed from Quilon in Travancore on

Ancient Superstitions Of the Mountain Folk In Northern Nepal

foot, had been on the road eleven years and was now on his way to Mukthinath, in northern Nepal. For my camera he struck a difficult Athithi-Narain pose, and from a companion who hails from the south, I had his strange story.

Forty-seven years old, of a princely family, he had in his eleven years of dedicated traveling already assumed certain divine qualities, certain heroic-sized beliefs. "He may come in the heat of afternoon when others wilt in the shade, or go suddenly in the dead of night, through animal-infested jungles, without fear, without ill effect. For he already considers himself part divine. So he journeys to all places most holy, not only to worship but as a personal challenge to their gods."

In the deep, narrow murmurous gorge nearby, which Manjusuri or Krishna cut at a single stroke, a Nepali Brahmin sat cheerfully outside a cave. "Inside that one is a pool and in the great gloom I can see the flash and sparkle of treasure. It is now evening and I have no lights. Come again when it is day and I will show you inside. Everyone around here knows me. Just ask for Bhagwan."

A Nepali archaeologist had told me about Chobhar and its remarkable gorge. He had used high-sounding technical terms, listed the rock formations, types of earth, glacial traces, erosion—all, I thought, a little unconvincingly. The valley had indeed once been a lake, the surface level had been traced, the progress of its draining away recorded. But the gorge. Why did nature select one of the highest retaining walls to force a way through, how cut it so cleanly, so straight, so deftly? Then there is the Kala Mati, the black generously fertile sub-soil which bears ample trace of lake deposit, and natural gas.

Around the beautiful medieval town of Thimi, kitchen garden of Kathmandu, a tenth of an acre of rich black earth can support six families. Proverb has it that the children of Thimi do not recognize their fathers, who away to market with their vegetables before dawn seldom return home before nightfall. "Look how

content they are," said my guide, a knowledgeable professor, pointing to a man and his wife sorting a mountain of emerald vegetables. "No troubles, quite carefree; wouldn't it be wonderful if we could all live as easily?"

The red dust road to Thimi dips and climbs between terraced fields as luxuriant as crumpled green velvet. Huts thrust from them like red and ochre ant-hills, or lean close together in Chthonian conversation to form villages. "These are true Nepali huts, homes of the men you see in Gurkha regiments," the professor explained. "They have their fields, their chickens, cows, and their springs never run dry. Look there, that water has been running strong and icy cold for centuries. Is it not wonderful?" In temples in Patan and in Kathmandu itself, similar streams of water are pointed out as having sprung from the eternal snows.

THE VALLEY of Kathmandu houses four towns as old, if not more ancient, than the capital. Bhatgaon, Bhagtapur, Patan and Kirtipur. They each supplied masons to build the many-storied Basantpur in the heart of Kathmandu. Age has caused this magnificent wooden building to lean a little, wear an abandoned look. There are temples where pornographic carvings are designed to shock lightning. For lightning is a virgin and she blushes to strike buildings so defended. "And it's a fact that not one temple, usually the highest building in its area, has been destroyed by lightning. Proves a point, doesn't it?"

The Kumari Mandir is a home for infant girls dedicated to lives of chastity. Whisper places their distant origin in human sacrifice, but today they are reared to preside at ritual, ride the Rath Car and place ceremonial tika on the King's forehead. I saw one leaning from a carved window, her eyes excessively accentuated with kajal, her hair bound in a topknot with scarlet and gold cloth. She was very young, perhaps nine, and watched with childish wonder a parade of Boy Scouts in the street below.

Watching her, remarkably sophisticated for one so young, and very lovely, I was appalled that tradition should demand so heavily of a child, but could not help admiring its perfection. "She is luckier than most," my companion assured me. "There is hardly a mother who would not gladly give her daughter to this temple. But they come from special families. I'm not sure which."

And there the story ended, although no one could tell me exactly what happened to these fragile children once they are turned from the temple.

But inquiry in a place enchanted need never receive an answer. The mind is diverted endlessly, from golden temple roof to carved balconies, down streets full of laughter to where money-changers quarrel and cows lick offerings off ornamented shrines. The past and present blend so well in Kathmandu that fantasy can never hope to be expelled, and the pattern of life must for years continue fabulous.

— THE END



AIRSTRIIP AND APRON, built later in the war at Bhamo, Burma, as an airborne supply outlet from India. U.S. Army photo, August 23, 1945.

'Chiang-Kai-shek'

● General Dorn's opinion of Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek parallels that of not only myself, but of most of the GI's who served in China, I'm sure. It has often been said that it was a toss-up under who's regime the Chinese were worst off—the Communists or Chiang. General Dorn, who, after all, knew a little bit about Chiang, did a magnificent job of reviewing the unauthorized biography. And I'm glad he did, because I wouldn't buy the book at any price.

GERALD SYKORA,
New York, N. Y.

Radio Show Guest

● We produce the Steve Allison radio show. In the July issue of Roundup the article by Brig. General Dorn was very interesting and we would like very much to have General Dorn appear as a guest on our show.

TED REINHART,
Phila., Pa.

Repairadise Inn

● Would truly enjoy hearing from any and all of my friends from the 3rd Air Depot, Agra, where I was with the American Red Cross at the Repairadise Inn from October 1944 thru December 1945.

CATHERINE COX,
(nee McCarthy),
Tipton, Indiana.



THIS IS HOW an 11th Combat Cargo C-47 looked to men of the 3rd Battalion, 475th Infantry, bivouacked at Hapang, Burma, on Jan. 8, 1945. The plane is dropping rations and supplies in the rice paddies. U.S. Army photo.

Biased Report

● After having read the book, Chiang-Kai-shek," I feel General Dorn's review in the July issue was exceptionally good. Emily Hahn certainly was biased and you'd think she was writing the book with the one thought of pleasing Chiang-Kai-shek. Congratulations to General Dorn for his outspoken thoughts on the matter.

JULIUS SCHATZ,
Madison, Wis.

Prefers Pork Chops!

● After reading Abdullah's "Chota Peg" column for the past several months, I finally got my wife to try the recipe for the Madras Chicken Curry, in the June issue. Brother! Either my wife is a lousy cook or that recipe is strictly for the coolies! Give me a good mess of fried pork chops any day!

BRUCE A. LOVETT,
Mobile, Ala.

Report From Agra

● You will be glad to know that the (Central India) Air Depot at Agra is today a very grand place. The buildings raised during your time are all intact and many more grand buildings have since been added by the Government of India. The KHERIA Air Depot is one of the largest depots in India today. It is a training centre for pilots also. Even today new construction is in progress. When complete, this depot will be a grand place. We are endeavoring to obtain photos of all the buildings for you and will be forwarded soon. But since you will be here in Agra in the near future, a visit to the Kheria Air Depot will certainly be very pleasing to you.

H. C. GARG,
Agra, India.

Informative Stories

● The stories from the Calcutta Satesman which you print in each issue are very interesting. It's surprising how little we knew about the country when we were there.

FRANK LeMOINES,
Las Vegas, Nev.

We Surely Will!

● I really wish I were going along on the Pilgrimage to India, but since I'm not I'll be counting on you guys to bring back plenty of good pictures to publish in Roundup.

HARRY HOFFMEIR,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



WITH HIS PILOTS and air crews of the 1st Air Commandos seated in a clear jungle space, Colonel Phil Cochran carefully briefs them on the job they have to do. U.S. Army photo.

Rival For Taj Mahal

● I was very much surprised to read the interesting story about the new mausoleum which will be just four miles from the Taj Mahal (July). I was at Agra, 3rd Air Depot, for 14 months and though I saw the Taj dozens of times, I never even knew the new one existed.

EDWARD W. TATE,
Boston, Mass.

Scholarship Fund

● Congratulations to Bel-four McMillen on his excellent suggestion for a scholarship fund to provide teachers for the new India. After having taught for a year here in Baghdad, I have a better appreciation of the need for true education in the East. It will do much to banish the ignorance and poverty of the people and bring a little happiness into their lives. The idea is a fitting follow-up to the Chaplain O'Gara Fund that was so successfully underwritten by CBI-ers a few years ago, and although I have only prayers to offer, they will be earnest ones that you will have that thousand-dollar check in your pocket when you take off in the fall for India.

GEORGE GLOSTER, S.J.
Baghdad, Iraq.



HOTEL MARINA and the Tung Kua Chinese restaurant, popular rendezvous for men based in the Kunming area during the war. Photo by Charles W. Osborne.

1st Tank Group

● Ed Siderman, a close friend for the past nine years, let me read a copy of Roundup the other day, resulting in my subscription and in my calling two other buddies to have them subscribe too. Altho I had known Ed closely for nine years, not until the other day did I discover he too had served in CBI. To say you are doing a magnificent job would never fully describe my feelings about the magazine. I was with the 1st Provisional Tank Group at Ramgarh and then in Burma.

ISAAC LITWINOFF,
Newark, N. J.

Direct Purchase

● A few months ago I ordered one of the Zari embroidered ladies purses from a firm in India. By the time I received it and paid the postage and 50% duty it cost nearly \$18.00. How does your "Bazaar of India" manage to sell them for only \$8.50?

JACK SWENNES,
Billings, Mont.

We buy in quantity, at wholesale prices, and offer them at vastly reduced prices to CBI-ers.—Ed.

CBI Air Corps Bases

● I thought I had flown in and out of most of the air bases in CBI, but that list published in the July issue contained a couple of dozen names I'd never even heard of. Where did you get the list?

CURTIS J. SPACH,
Staten Is., N. Y.

From the War Department, a few years ago.—Ed.

Agra Base Missing?

● I noticed the Central India Air Depot at Agra was missing from the list of Air Corps bases in the July issue. How come?

JOSEPH I. HARRIES,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Agra Airfield" covered it.—Ed.



WE BORROWED this comic photo from Joe E. Brown while he was in Denver recently. He is shown seated at the editor's desk in the CBI Roundup office in New Delhi in November, 1943. U.S. Army photo.



Commander's Message

by
Charles A. Mitchell
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

By the time this missile is in print, it will be July and thirty days until our St. Louis Reunion.

I have attended the executive meeting in St. Louis. Bob Nesmith and his usual plane load of Texans attended. We test hopped part of the planned festivities for August and this is it, folks, bar none!

I have met the powers-that-be here in Kalamazoo and Mr. A. Busch of St. Louis has something in store for us that we will never forget. I have seen the entire Budweiser layout and it's really terrific!

I spent 58 days going from Newport News to Bombay on the Mauretania—now I'm getting excited about a four-hour cruise on the Mississippi River. I know there will be dancing practically every night and places for the children when they can't accompany their parents.

The St. Louis Basha should be praised before the reunion as I can readily see that they have men and ladies in charge of different committees that have benefited by our shortcomings in other meetings—which goes to prove that you can't beat experience.

While we were in St. Louis, we drove over to Scott Field's Non Comm. Club. I think the boys there have done a wonderful job on their club. The Bob Amman Orchestra was holding forth and I learn they are going to play for our

Saturday dance. I know I'm dating myself but most of you will remember the Kay Kyser Band. Ginny Simms and Harry Babbett were the head liners in that band. Well, here are Harry's two brothers, Bob and Gene playing and singing with the Bob Amman Band. I know you will think they are great.

I haven't heard how many are expected but I know you will want to get your reservation confirmed right now. Try and get there the night before if you can. Something will be doing. Gene Brauer, our genial adjutant from Milwaukee, always seems to get into town the night before anything is due to happen. You will probably see Gene parading around St. Louis in his dhoti, as usual.

I expect Iowa to have the biggest turn-out as a group. Do we have any challengers?

Come on, folks, get a reservation in to Harold Kretchmar, National Reunion Chairman, P. O. Box 1765, St. Louis 1, Mo., and quit stalling!

CHARLES A. MITCHELL,
National Commander,
2322 So. Burdick,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Shot Down in Burma

● Was with the 12th Bomb Group, 83rd Squadron. Joined the outfit in Sicily and stayed thru Aug. 1944. Perhaps some of the fellows will remember July 9, 1944, when the Japs raised hell up thru Burma on various air raids. My crew and I were unfortunate enough to have been shot down out of the flight of four ships we were with. Only thru God's will and the flight characteristics of the B-25 were we able to survive tho our engineer-gunner was killed and three others wounded. We managed to land in a swamp above Myitkyina and were indeed fortunate to have been picked up by some Kachin Rangers under British command, and with a Lt. George M. Stuart of the U. S. Army as a Liaison officer. Sgt. K. T. Anderson, flying for 71st Liaison Squadron on DS to Det. 101 of the O. S. S. did a magnificent job of flying us out of dropping ground No. 40. The original CBI Roundup of Sept. 7, 1944, carried a story of this. Would like to hear from some of the fellows in the outfit.

DONALD MEREDITH,
Southold, L. I., N. Y.



SCENE ON THE GI-operated Bengal & Assam railroad, which carried supplies from Calcutta to the railhead at Ledo, from where it was trucked over The Ledo Road or flown over The Hump. U.S. Army photo, July 11, 1944.

7th Bomb Group

● Was with the 7th Bomb Group at Pandaveswar 1943-44 and would like to hear from some of the wallahs who were there at that time. So far as I can find out I am the only CBI wallah in this part of the country. Roundup is my only link with the sahibs who served in that part of the world.

SAM DAVENPORT,
Jellico, Tenn.

48th Evac. Hospital

● Anxiously await each new issue and it certainly brings back memories of my service with the 48th Evacuation Hospital at Myitkyina, and the 172nd General Hospital at Kunming and Shanghai as an army nurse. Would love to hear from anyone stationed with me.

MARIAN H. DRIER,
3023 W 55th St.,
Chicago 32, Ill.

India Color Slides

● Have been reading about Roundup's Pilgrimage to India, but unfortunately am unable to take the trip. I wonder if someone who is going could take 35mm color slides to offer for sale?

Capt. GLADYS NEIRBY,
Ft. Lee, Va.



INDIA GATE at New Delhi, not to be confused with the famed Gateway to India at Bombay. Size of the archway may be gathered by comparing the cyclists' height. Photo by Embassy of India.

Attractive CBI-Patch NECKTIE BAR



Only \$1.75 Postpaid!

J. L. Footitt
31 Choate Road
Park Forest, Ill.

Ivory from India



WE HAVE RECEIVED a shipment of small ivory carvings from India which are offered for the first time on this page. In addition to the four carvings pictured here, we have an assortment of small elephants not on a base.

OUR STOCK OF Indian Engraved Brassware is running low, but we still have a few of all items except the covered dish and incense burners offered in last issue. We are expecting a new shipment of the same and different items of brassware which will be offered at a later date at the usual low prices.

WE HAVE SOLD completely out of the Rosewood Jewel Boxes, ivory-inlaid tables, and Zari embroidered ladies evening bags. A new shipment of these lovely evening bags is on the high seas now and should arrive shortly after you receive this issue.

IN THE NEAR future we expect an assortment of cocoanut-wood elephants and bookends.

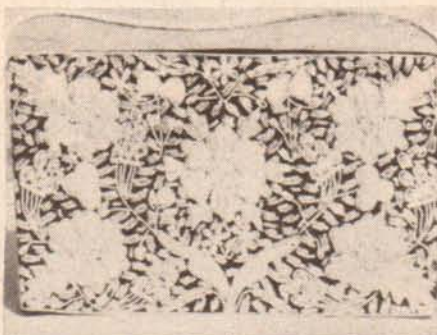
Ivory Carvings

Ambari Elephant, 3" high, on base.....	\$4.50
Lady Woodbearer, 3" high, on base.....	\$4.00
Camel with Riders, 2 1/2" high, on base.....	\$5.25
Lord Ganesh with Flute, 2" high, on base.....	\$3.50
Ivory Elephants, 3/4" high.....	.85
Ivory Elephants, 1" high.....	\$1.25
Ivory Elephants, 1 1/2" high.....	\$1.90
Ivory Broach, w/4 elephants, 3" long.....	\$2.00
Ivory Broach, w/3 elephants, 2 1/4" long.....	\$1.60
Ivory Broach, w/2 elephants, 1 3/4" long.....	\$1.25

All items on this page postpaid.

Minimum Order \$5.00

OUR SUPPLY OF Zari embroidered evening bags is exhausted, but we expect a new shipment very soon. These are silver and/or gold metal Zari thread on black velvet material, satin-lined inside. Your price only \$8.50, plus 85c federal excise tax. Specify color thread and choice of design, i.e., mosaic, all-over, peacock, floral (pictured).



TIGER SKIN RUG

We have one Tiger Skin Rug, with head mounted. It was made in Bombay to sell for \$150. We'll be glad to take \$60. Write for more details.



Ivory Elephant Bridge

We have one beautiful specimen, with 7 good-sized elephants, carved of one piece ivory. Retail price \$175. Our price \$90. Write for more details.

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